

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME II.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1852.

WHOLE NUMBER 72.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
J. W. BARNES & Wm. N. ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by mail, . . . \$1.00
Delivered by the carrier in the village, . . . 1.50
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, twenty-five cents for each subsequent inser-
tion. Legal advertisements at the rates prescribed
by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements as
follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00	1 square 1 year, \$5.00
1 " 3 " 2.00	1 column 1 " 20.00
1 " 6 " 3.00	1 " 1 month, 5.00

Advertisements unaccompanied with written or
verbal directions, will be published until ordered
out, and charged for. When a postponement is
asked for, an advertisement, the whole will be charged
the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

L. K. DEVELLY, Tailor and Cutter. The sub-
scriber has opened his shop, and would respect-
fully invite the attention of the citizens of Mus-
kegon and vicinity who are in want of a first
rate garment, good and stylish. I feel confident
in giving entire satisfaction to those who may
favor me with their patronage. Muskegon,
October, 1852.

WHITE LAKE HOUSE, By Clements & Bowers.
The proprietors having recently newly fit-
ted and re-furnished this House, feel confident
that visitors and travelers will find this House to
compare favorably with the best in the State.—
The traveling community are invited to call.

HENRY MARTIN, successor to Ball & Martin.
Storage, Forwarding and Commission Merchant.
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
Wm. M. FERRY, Jr., }
Thos. W. FERRY. } Wm. M. FERRY.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, by HERMAN JOACH-
IM. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon—
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office first
door west of H. Griffin's store.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business intrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-
tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney for
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTE, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

J. O. O. F., Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 45, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH.

Many an overpraised novel, in these latter
days does not possess half the naturalness and
true feeling of this little sketch:

Sarcastic people are wont to say that poets
dwell in garrets, and simple people believe it.—
And others, neither sarcastic nor simple, send
them up aloft, among the rubbish, just because
they do not know what to do with them down
stairs, and "among folks," and so class them
under the head of rubbish, and so consign them
to the grand receptacle of dilapidated "has-
beens," and despised "used-to-be's," in the
old garret.

The garret is to the other apartments of the
homestead, what the adverb is to the pedagogue
in parsing; everything they do not know how
to dispose of, is consigned to the list of adverbs.
And it is for this precise reason that we love
garrets; because they do contain the relics of
the old and the past; souvenirs of other and hap-
pier and simpler times.

They have come to build houses nowadays
without garrets. Impious innovation!

You man of bronze, and "bearded like the
paradise," who would make people believe, if you
could, that you never were "a toddlin', wee
thing;" that you never wore "a riddle dress,"
or jingled a rattle box with infinite delight—
that you never had a mother, and that she never
became an old woman, and wore caps and
spectacles, and may-be took snuff—go home
once more, after all these years absence, and
booted and whiskered, and six feet high as you
are, and let us go up the stairs together; in
that old-fashioned, spacious garret that extends
from gable to gable, with its narrow, oval win-
dows, with a spider-web of a sash, through which
steals a "dim, religious light" upon a museum of
things unnameable, that once figured below
stairs, but were long since crowded out by the
vandal hands of these modern times.

The loose boards of the floor rattle some-
what as they used to do—don't they?—when
beneath your little, pattering feet, they clattered
aforetime, when, of a rainy day "mother,"
wearied with many-tongued importunity, grant-
ed the "Let us go up garret, and play." And
play? Precious little of "play" have you had
since we'll warrant, with your looks of dignity
and your dreamings of ambition.

Here we are now in the midst of the garret.
The old barrel, shall we rummage it? Old files
of newspapers—dusty, yellow, a little tattered!
'Tis the "Columbian Register." How famil-
iar with the "Letters or papers for father!"—
And these same "Registers," just damp from
the press, were carried one by one from the
fireside, and perused and preserved as they
ought to be. Damp! Ah! many a star has
set since then, and many a newly-turfed heap
grown dewy and damp with rain that fell not
from the clouds.

Dive deeper into the barrel! There! A
bundle—up it comes, in a cloud of dust. Old
almanacs, thin-leaved ledgers of time, going
back to—let us see when: 184—, 183—, 182—,
before our time—180—, when our mothers were
children. And the day-book—how blotted and
blurred with many records and many tears!

There, you have hit your head against that
beam. Time was, when you ran to and fro be-
neath it—but you are nearer to it now, by more
than "the altitude of a copine." That beam is
strewn with forgotten papers of seed for next
year's sowing—a distaff, with some few shreds
of flax remaining, is thrust in a crevice of the
rafters overhead; and tucked away, close under
the eaves, is the little wheel that used to stand
by the fire in times long gone. Its sweet, low
song has ceased; and perhaps—perhaps she
drew those flaxen threads—but never mind—
you remember the line don't you?

"Her wheel's at rest—
The matron charms no more."

Well, let it pass. Do you see that little craft
creased in that dark corner? It was red once;
it was the only casket in the house once, and
contained a mother's jewels. The old red cradle
for all the world! And you occupied it
once—ay, great as you are, it was your world
once, and over it, the only horizon you beheld,
bent the heaven of a mother's eyes, as you
rocked in that barque of love on the hither
shore of time—fast by a mother's love to a
mother's heart.

And there, attached to two rafters, are the
fragments of an untwisted rope. Do you re-
member it and what it was for, and how fasten-
ed it there? 'Twas "the children's swing."—
You are here, indeed, but where are Nelly
and Charley? There hangs his little cap by that
window, and there the little red frock she used
to wear. A crown is resting on his cherub
brow, and her robes are spotless in the better
land.

If you wish to sell more goods this year than
you ever did before, advertise more. The un-
paralleled success of those merchants and tra-
ders who have kept their goods before the peo-
ple, is a lesson not to be disregarded by any
one who depends upon public patronage for a
living. The best customers are those who find
out what they want before they leave home,
and these are the ones who invariably look in
the newspapers to see where the article is to be
found.

MESSES. BARNES & ANGEL—With your per-
mission, but not endorsement, I avail myself of
the medium of your columns, to lay before the
electors of this Senatorial district the translation
of a Document appearing in the Dutch language
on the day of the recent election, upon which
much has been said. This Document or Hand-
bill of mysteries, deemed too sacred for plain
English was put into my hands on the eve of
that day by a citizen of this place, calling it "A
Whig document flooding the Colony from the
Netherlands."

Two falsehoods, at least, by inference therein,
claim my notice. One, that Whigs have head-
ed a corrupted ticket "Democratic ticket,"—no
printed ticket of that heading was circulated in
the Colony unless it were one made up by the
Hollanders themselves. The other, that I have
procured friends to vilify the character of Mr.
HARRIS, to which I reply in unequivocal terms—
such a statement is false, and I challenge friend
or foe to confront the declaration.

The author or framers of such a document
with their chosen disguise, I am well satisfied to
leave, before a discriminating public; confident
that they will be awarded that grade of intellect
commensurate with its high toned manliness.

THOMAS WHITE FERRY.

TRANSLATION:

OUR HARBOR IN DANGER!!

We now have the promise of an appropriation
of \$8000, but the money has not been paid out
yet, and it might share the same fate as the ap-
propriation for a Light House, if we have no
true and strong friend to look after it.

If Mr. Stuart, a man who has always spoken
and acted in our behalf most remain silent, then
the chance for more appropriations is unfav-
orable and we might even lose that already ap-
propriated, but not yet expended.

The whigs and Mr. Stuart's personal enemies
have concocted plans in order to prevent if pos-
sible, his having a seat in Congress next winter
and his acting and speaking for our interests.

They seem to be willing, because they cannot
prevent it, to have you vote for Pierce, Clark,
and most of the other candidates, on the demo-
cratic ticket, if you will only vote for Ferry—
who will certainly not deny, that he never has
voted for Mr. Stuart, and never will nor can.

If he can carry his point, Mr. Stuart will never
go to Washington—the voice, which so often
spoke for us, and our interests will have to re-
main silent, and in its stead will be put a strange,
if not an hostile one, to us and our interests.—
Do not be deceived or misled.

Don't be entrapped by fine words to vote
against a long tried friend. We assure you that
it will be too late, after you have given the pow-
er to the whigs to defeat Mr. Stuart. Do there-
fore what is right, support your tried and true
friend, Mr. Stuart.

Let every true friend of the Colony and of the
Harbor come to the polls and vote for I. V. Har-
ris for Senator, and Hiram Jennison for Repre-
sentative and then our votes will be given for
the friend of us all, Mr. Stuart, and thereby our
interest be taken care of. Suppose even that a
whig should be elected Senator, who is in favor
of our harbor, what can he do for us in a demo-
cratic Congress, under a democratic President
who certainly would find out how you have
treated one of your best friends, Mr. Stuart, by
so voting that he did not get a seat in Congress.

Democrats look out of your own eyes and
think with your own brain.

The whigs and weathercocks are again at it
with their old tricks. They will deceive you if
they can, yea, under a pretended zeal for moral-
ity and religion, which in fact has no other ob-
ject than personal revenge and personal aggran-
dizement. They have not hesitated to falsify
the democratic ticket by erasing the names of
persons duly nominated, who therefore expect
your votes, and insert others, who have not the
least claim on your confidence.

Will a whig or weathercock defend and main-
tain democratic principles—and is it right to
place their names on our ticket? Or who gives
them a right to head this corrupted ticket, demo-
cratic ticket? They may babble about con-
science, morality, and religion, but judge for
yourselves, and you will find them to be of
those who "strain at a gnat, and swallow a cam-
el." We repeat, therefore, look out; vote the
straight democratic ticket. Don't vote for whigs,
turncoats, and political Judases. Our liberty
was bought at a great price, let us therefore try
to preserve it for ourselves and children.

MR. THOMAS WHITE FERRY, passes himself
off for a christian and gentleman, as though he
would offer for sale his religion and character,
for your votes. But if he is what he pretends
to be, why does he get his friends to do all they
can to vilify Mr. Harris's character? Has Mr.
Harris called Ferry a rascal or scoundrel? Cer-
tainly not. Yet they are not ashamed to insult
Mr. Harris—is this the way Mr. Ferry shows
himself a christian and gentleman? a strong
proof, truly!

Can you keep clear your consciences. First
you send delegates, then afterwards you erase
from the ticket the names of the persons nomi-
nated by them and the other delegates and in-
sert names of men whose principles are anti-
democratic? What will the American people

say if we who are called democrats vote for
whigs about whose reputation we have nothing
to say, but who are enemies of democracy?

Would we be wise if we had a cask to fill
with water to engage a person, that we are sure,
can, dares, and will do nothing else but bore
holes to let the water run off again? So does
every democrat who votes for a whig.

Will any body who wants a hand to plough,
choose one who is a christian, but does not un-
derstand ploughing? or does he choose the
christian and leave him that understands plough-
ing. So do the democrats that elect a whig.

A merchant who wants to load a ship, what
kind of a man will he choose? A christian who
does nothing else but hinder the other hands—
or a man, whose character he may not exactly
understand, but whom he certainly knows to be
able and willing to do his work? Does not the
merchant choose the latter, because he does not
want a person that is a hindrance, but a work-
man? So it is with every intelligent true demo-
crat. He does not vote for a whig. His christi-
anity however desirable otherwise, is no con-
sideration now—but his and our principles as a
true democratic—Look out then!

What is there to be done then? Whoever is
a whig in principle let him vote the whole whig
ticket. Whoever is a democrat and the major-
ity of us are such, let him vote the true straight
democratic ticket—a spoiled ticket leads us
astray most assuredly. It were better then not
to vote at all—Think before you act—Your char-
acter as Hollanders would undoubtedly suffer
—therefore consider—Look at your tickets!!—
Show them to others to see if they are genuine,
for there are many false tickets in circulation.

HOW SHE DID IT.

"I never undertook but once," said Tom, "to
set at naught the authority of my wife. You
know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as
ever. Just after we were married, and all was
nice and cozy, she got me in the habit of doing
all the churning. She never asked me to do it,
but then the way it was done was just in this
way. She finished breakfast before me one
morning, and slipping away from the table, she
filled the churn with cream, set it just where I
couldn't help seeing what was wanted. So I
took hold regularly enough, and churned till the
butter had come. She didn't thank me, but
looked so nice and sweet about it that I felt well
paid. Well, when the next churning day came
along, she did the same thing, and I followed
suit and fetched the butter. Again and again it
was done just so, and I was regularly in for it
every time. Not a word you know of course.
Well, by-and-by this began to be rather irksome,
I wanted she should ask me, but she never did,
and I couldn't say anything about it to save my
soul; so on we went. At last, I made a resolve
that I would not churn another time, unless she
asked me. Churning day came, and when my
breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—
when that was swallowed there stood the churn.
I got up, and standing a few minutes, just to
give her a chance, put on my hat and walked
out of doors. I stopped in the yard, to give her
time to call me but never a word said she, and
so with a palpitating heart I moved on. I went
down town, and all over town, and my foot was
as restless as that of Noah's dove. I felt that
I had done wrong, I didn't exactly feel how, but
there was an indescribable sensation of guilt
resting on me all the forenoon. It seemed as if
dinner time never would come, and as for going
home one minute before dinner, I would sooner
have cut off my ears. So I went fretting and
moping around town until dinner hour came.—
Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal
must when the jury is out, having in their hands
his destiny for life or death. I couldn't make
up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but
some kind of a storm I expected.

Will you believe it! she never greeted me
with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner
for me than on that day; but there stood the
churn just where I left it! Not a word was said.
I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of
that dinner seemed as if it would choke me.—
She didn't pay any regard to it however, but
went on just as if nothing had happened. Be-
fore dinner was over I had again resolved, and
showing back my chair, I marched to the churn
and went at it in the old way. Splash began
the butter paddle, splash, splash; but as if in
spite, the butter was so long coming! I sup-
posed the cream standing so long had got warm,
and so I re-doubled my efforts. Obstinate mat-
ter! the afternoon wore away while I was churn-
ing. I paused at least from real exhaustion,
when she spoke for the first time; "Come, Tom;
my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk quite
long enough, if it is for fun you are doing it!"
I knew how it was in a flash; she had brought
the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn
standing with the buttermilk in it, for me
to exercise with. I never set up myself in house-
hold matters after that."

"Peace to his Hashes as a Cockney said of a
Cook."

Deborah, from the Hebrew, means a bee—
Rachel, a sheep—Sarah, a princess—and Han-
nah the gracious.

THE EPISTLES OF PAUL.

We have alluded to Paul as the principal let-
ter writer in the New Testament. When that
change that passed over him with the shock of a
spiritual earthquake, had subsided into resolute
attachment to the new religion, what ardor and
heroism were seen to be united in him—what a
rare combination of intellect and heart, of enthu-
siasm and perseverance! Still with him there
was no stoical abnegation of humanity; while
he lived for the world, he lived in the world.—
The culture of the schools was in him, "bap-
tised with the Holy Ghost and with fire."—
Words are often unable to convey his thoughts;
they reel and stagger beneath the weight and
power of his conceptions. And whether we
turn to his alarmed appeal to the people of Ly-
caonia, where he was taken for the god of elo-
quence, to his oration before the critics and
judges of Areopagus, or to his pleading at the
bar of Felix and Agrippa—or whether we sur-
vey his letter to the Church in Rome, in its
fullness, profundity, and compacted system—
or his Epistle to Corinth, so varied and magnif-
icent in argument, so earnest and so persuasive
in remonstrance and vindication—or the mis-
sive sent to Galatia, so vivid and startling in its
surprise indignation or sorrow—or that to Ep-
hesus, so opulent in thought, and exalted in
sentiment, as if to compensate for the costly
book of magic which had been to the flames—
or that to Philippi, so warm and exuberant in
its congratulations to the first European city
where the gospel had been proclaimed—or that
to Colosse, exposing the insidious assaults of a
specious philosophy which corrupted the pu-
rity and marred the simplicity of the gospel—
or his twin communications to Thessalonica,
calm, affectionate, and consolatory—or those to
Timothy and Titus, replete with the sage and
cordial advice of paternal kindness, and long
and varied experience—or the brief note to
Philemon concerning a dishonest and fugitive
slave, who had been unexpectedly brought to
"the knowledge of the truth"—or, the epistolary
tractate addressed to the Hebrews with its
powerful demonstrations of the superior glory
and the unchanging permanence and spiritual-
ity of the New Dispensation—to whichever of
these compositions we turn, we are struck with
the same lofty genius and fervid eloquence, the
same elevated and self denying temperance, the
same throbbings of a noble and yearning heart,
the same masses of thought, luminous and
many-tinted, like the cloud which glows under
the reflecting splendors of the setting sun, the
same vigorous mental grasp which, amid nu-
merous digressions, is ever tracing truths up to
first principles—all these the results of a mas-
ter mind, into which nature and grace had pour-
ed, in royal profusion, their rarest and richest
endowments.

In the epistles, what specimens have we not
of almost every form of Composition—descrip-
tion, narrative, argument, oratory—bold invective
and sudden apostrophe—antithesis and clim-
ax—the brief words of anger—the sad regrets
of disappointed hope—the soft breathings of
affection—the vehement our burst of self-vin-
dication—the strong and effective argument, of-
ten ending in an anthem—logic swelling into
lyrics—the terse deliverance of ethical maxims,
and the cordial greeting and kind remembrance
of former friends. No wonder that Longinus
adds Paul of Tarsus to a list of names, "which
were the crown of all eloquence and Grecian
genius." There are some passages in the
Epistles to the Corinthians which have all the
vehement and thrilling penetration of Demos-
thenes, and other sections in the same books,
which in elevation, imagery, and music, have
no parallel, even in the Platonic dialogues.

[North British Review.]

MR. WEBSTER'S GRAVE CLOTHES.—The Bos-
ton Courier, in speaking of Mr. Webster's fu-
neral, says:

"An immense assemblage of people were
congregated in and around the grounds. The
coffin was exposed to view on the lawn, in
front of the house, and the greatest eagerness
was evinced by those present to take one last
look of his majestic countenance. The remains
were clothed in a blue coat, with brass buttons,
light vest, white pantaloons, and gaiter boots—
the usual and favorite dress of Mr. Webster.—
A large number of bouquets and wreaths of flow-
ers covered the body. The coffin bore a heavy
silver plate on which was inscribed the name of
"DANIEL WEBSTER." In the vast throng were
seen residents of the adjoining town, and per-
sons from distant cities and States. General
Franklin Pierce was present, and seemed much
affected. The assemblage comprised a full rep-
resentation of all classes of American life.—
We never before witnessed so large a crowd at
which such perfect decorum was observed.—
All seemed sobered and saddened by the mel-
ancholy occasion which called them together."

The New York Mirror, as good a judge of
character as it has proved a prophet in politics,
says: "The President elect is a man of excel-
lent abilities, of undoubted patriotism, and of fi-
ner personal manners than any public man we
have known since Mr. Clay."